

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE:
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

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The interior of this lodge in the wilderness, was divided into two rooms. The smaller one was Al-

Following account of him may prove interesting:—
One night in January, 1908, a poor woman, re-

the dressing and store-rooms, and in fact all the rooms excepting cellar and Mary's closet, were included in this useful apartment. The walls, which were of plaster, were decorated with a pattern of red and white marble, and the floor was of a dark, polished wood. The powder-horn, shot-bags, fishing rods, and the various implements and stores required in a hunter's life, while from the rafters descended venison hams, and a few gamestuffs; trout and other fish were laid out in rows on the floor; muscovets, fire-placed extended nearly from the end of the room—and when piled high with hunkery bags, the inmates might feel dubious in the longest and coldest days of the year.

It was here that our adventurers spent a long time and great while, without beholding a human face other than that of his devoted servant Tom. The hunter, who was a man of a cheerful and robust health. When one year before had been a feeble, spending invalid, now beheld a very handsome, no longer careless, but as yet entered into his prime, but every day more and more devoted to his activity. The shoulders broad, the chest large, the arms and legs now firm, and the sinews like cords of steel; all of which had attained that perfection of development in the daily exercise of his wild wood life. With a strong, muscular frame, he could hold twist the strongest of the awling muscles; saying to Tom, "You can't get such flesh as that, old boy, by Billingsgate."

of such a flock, it would have been about as large as a good crowd walking singly, if I had remained at the city center, waiting for the flock to begin walking and driving all day. "Pahaw—why didn't you pilgrimage year ago, before I was incited and visited by that American lady, betrayed by Italian Paul, or captured by Lydia Palencia?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FEMALE BEAUTY.—The ladies of Arabian start their fingers and toes red, their eye-brows black, and their lips blue. In Persia they paint a black streak across their eyes, and ornament their faces with various dyes. The Japanese women gold their teeth and those of the Indians paint them red. The pearl

his page-ips, and in performing all the other little tricks of his age. He was a quick scholar at calligraphy; and M. Trommeville, his writing master, was a Frenchman, who had been in Japan for many years, and was already Chinese. A soldier art had already learned his own—the angle of pictures had quickened his own genius; and little Four Toes was no ordinary himself.

On no occasion, after he had been chartered for his own, did he adorn the sublime portrait of Christ, by Vandyck, at the Gallery of Lillie, he realized that he would be a painter, nothing but a painter, whatever pains it might cost him.

In the meantime the writing master, Trommeville,

nothing but screw men and women in his copy-books. Amongst others the angry writing-master,

of Watteau, who at that time superintended the School of Design at Lille.

men tattoo a great variety of figures on the face, the lips, tongue, and the whole body. In New Holland they cut themselves with shells, and knowing the wounds open for a long time form deep scars on the face, which they deem highly ornamental. And another singular institution is made among them by cutting off, by inflation, the little finger of the left hand, at the third joint, and leaving it to grow again. This was often thought worthy of the crown; but the custom neither excites, flattens the nose of her subjects, nor does it give some of the savage tribes of America, also in fashion. The same operation, however, is applied to the skull in order to flatten it, and thus give it a new beauty. The modern Persians have a strong aversion to red hair; the Turks, so

order from M. de Saint Louis, Honne Ministre, for the purchase of M. Lantoune Dispensing Justice, Renault the Cook."

It was only twenty times, the wonderful man composed for the great print of Rome, and got an equivalent for the second page. His competing picture, "Jacob Refusing to let his son Benjamin Depart," was exhibited for the benefit of the poor, and a good subscription was the consequence.

It was he, who might naturally have been subject of charity himself, was, on the contrary, the distributor. What a lesson to those who have all their limbs to labor with, and cannot even earn their

American an incision more than two inches in length is made in the lower lip, and then filled with a wood or plug. In Greece the lips are pierced with thorns, the beads being held the mouth, and the points protruding on the chin.

JERUSALEM—*If you stay* in the Holy City long enough to fall in anything like regular habits of amusement and occupation, and to take time, in short, to live as men do elsewhere, you will find that you will necessarily lose the enthusiasm which you may have felt when you took the sacred vow for the first time, and if you tell them even almost strange to you is had popular as entirely unshared in all your par-

Louis Philippe, in 1897, gave him an order for a portrait. While occupied in painting it—and his father, who was almost constantly by his side, happening to be absent—Gauguin Descent, for the first time, remained up his beard with his hands, and looked so stiffly as he had hitherto done with his feet!

The talent of this singular artist is full of thought, poetry, life and expression; his coloring is perfect. As to his figure, he is not four feet high; his body is slender, his head large, full, and grandly developed, so physiognomically wonderful. His nose is powerful and straight, his eyes deep-set and regular, his hair brown, thick, and curly, falling over his forehead, and down his temples. A woman's

heta is a missionary—yearly comes across the land-
lord is a sturdy abbot, and the waiters are hooded
monks. If you walk out of the tower, you find your-
self on the Mount of tears, in the valley of Jeze-
bel. The "Hill of Blood" is the Cemetery. You
must just bow and extend your hands, you will
be guided into the wilderness of St. John, or the birth-
place of our Saviour. Your club is the great Church
of the Holy Sepulcher, where everybody meets
everybody every day. If you lounge through the
tower, your Pull Man is the Vice Delator, and the
object of your sympathy is the same man, who
is the only fellow who really understands the pil-
grim's tale. If you follow the main passage, it may be

the training of his children as well as his flock; yet he was no less diligent in his household duties. He devoted much time to drawing, or simple tracing up the sides in compassive perspective. If you would make any purchases, you must go again to the church doors; and when you inquire for the manufacturers of the place, you find that they consist of double-bladed blades, and sanctified skills. These last are the favorite tokens which the pilgrims carry off with them. The shell is given gratis to all who have been at the altar of the great Drawing of the Blessed Virgin, or of the Crucifixion, or some other Religious subject; having passed this stage, it goes into the hands of a priest; by him it is deposited to some person

was together, two blades with one shell; you cannot see one without seeing the other. To part would be deemed a heresy of those men!

HAROLD A DEAD MAN—Lord Harold died in Gower square, and he laid in his coffin without the attendance of that ceremony of any relatives or friends. The chief parties present were two undertakers, a man and a boy; so sad informant, very many years after, was the latter. When the "drawing" had been performed, great was the lady's horror and grief, she saw his dear face drawn from beneath his pocket the same way that he had hid himself under a woman, and it repud the neck of the corpse

of a ghostly epiphany to the maniacs in this complete, and is deemed to be fit for age—Gothics.

REVERE OF FERNALD REVERE. We read in the *Life of the Father* a story of a child that was brought up in the wilderness, from his infancy, by an old hermit. Now, come to man's estate, he saw, by chance, two comely women wandering in the woods: he saved the old man which creates they were; he told him. After a while talking, the hermit told him that he had been the prisoner of the devil that he ever saw and that he had been twice to be again in the wilderness. And that, without doubt, there is some secret lodge in a beast.

THE UTILITY OF FAT MEAT.—When fat meat is necessary, it is used on high authority to the saving of the kind of food which can be used. It is economical, and it is beautiful, especially in cold weather, as it furnishes fuel for the system. It is said that those who use fat meat are rarely convalescent. Perhaps the use of cold-dried oil, by consumptive persons, may be explained on a similar

PRINCE ALBERT LOCKED OUT.
A foreign correspondent of the Daily Times relates

[illegible]

of the exposure shattered in battle. Prince Albert stood impassive in her bed: and unmoved. The royal mistress, who is a woman

was mortified by his vacant and unseeing look, and petulantly said to him, her voice still quivering with sympathy, "Do *any* something to the man, and not stand staring in that way."

THE LIZARD'S TALK.—"The Hindoo believes that the lizard's 'talk, talk, talk,' is a language intelligible to the initiated; and I was assured by my servant

that he knew many persons who understood it perfectly well, and derived much useful information from their knowledge. An evil disposed and unprincipled friend, in a house well supplied with

... looking with-
out, the Chris-
tianity. He

the struggling surprised by a scream, suffering resistance.

that was deeper
suffered little on
room, and his in-
er was treated

have hoped, and finally to the women in their labors.

we residing in a bungalow, some few miles from Madras. Amongst their attendants they had a clever little boy well versed in the lizard tongue. One day as they were at dinner, a lizard on the wall came

said Frudence, self. God deals harshly, and wisely

again the lizard spoke, and again the little boy fell a-laughing. On this one of the furious Englishmen asked the boy what the devil he meant by laughing

in his manner? The boy told them that he could not help being tickled at what the lizard was saying. He was then asked what the lizard said, and he told the officers that the lizard said, "My wife will be

here to night.' Upon this, says the narrator, the officers flew into a great passion; one of them called the poor boy 'a —— liar;' another gave him a blow on the head, a third kicked him, and a fourth

for him, she
her in wedlock.
rather this hollow
her hand when

courage is put

when a package of wine for the company arrived from Madras, and, immediately on its being opened, out jumped a female lizard and scrambled in great haste on the wall to her mate, who flew to meet her.

joyfully, exclaiming, as the wise little boy interpreted the speech, 'Here's my wife!' And now, says the narrator, when those officers observed this affec-

in interview, so unexpectedly brought about between this exemplary couple, they were sorry that they had cursed, beaten, kicked, and brooked down the poor boy, and began now to comfort him. One

gave him a quarter rupee, another gave him a half rupee, and a third gave him a whole rupee, and then this poor boy was very happy."—*Brown's Brown and Black in the East.*

A REVOLUTIONARY PARADE IN PHILADELPHIA.

in his head
spring?

All were charged to keep to their ranks, carry their arms well, and step in time to the music of the drums and fife, collected in the centre of each brigade.

"Though indifferently dressed," says a spectator, "they held well-burnished arms, and carried them like solders, and looked, in short, as if they might have stood on a battle-field."

more than an equal number with a reasonable prospect of success.²⁰ To give them something of a uniform appearance, they had sprigs of green in their hats. Washington rode at the head of the troupe

...-In 1807 there
...badly dressed,
...into shore. The

trains of artillery, the tramp of steel, the boom of trumpet, and the spirit-stirring sound of drum and life, all had an imposing effect on a peaceful city.

...and the American forces much less than they were in reality, were astonished as they gazed on the lengthening procession.

... of a host which, to their unprepared eyes, appeared innumerable; while the Waige, painting from hope and animation from the sight, cheered the patriot squadrons as they passed.—*Living.*

THE TIMES.—No preacher is listened to but Time, which gives us the same train and turn of thought

ly spoke what is | that other people have tried in vain to put into our
heads before. — *Surf*.

Original,
has been given
of his pa-
ents, with-
corrects the
applied (in 8
of SATUR-
responsible

